

## The Times-Dispatch

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FRIDAY, JULY 25, 1913.

## CUMMING DISCLAIMED BY NORFOLK

Does Mr. Cumming still think the people are not interested in his opinions on public questions as a vital part of his fitness for office? He said so in Lynchburg, and this is the answer from the leading paper in his home section.

As the Virginian-Pilot has striven consistently and persistently for the abolition of the fee system, believing it to be extravagant, unjust to the taxpayers and productive of unhealthy political conditions, besides working unjust discrimination between different classes of citizens, the declaration of Mr. Cumming in favor of its continuance necessitates a modification of this paper's previously announced attitude of friendly neutrality between Democratic contestants for places on the State ticket. Of course, we cannot give even the assent of silence to the nomination of a gentleman who actively espouses a policy which we hold to be vicious in principle and practice. Mr. Cumming having chosen to plant himself on what we consider to be the wrong side of one of the most important issues engaging the attention of the party electorate, we have no choice but to register the judgment that he should not be supported for the place to which he aspires by any Democratic citizen who stands for reform of the most glaring public evil now existing in Virginia.

His position on this question may not meet with the approval of some of the more ardent reformers, who have so far controlled the General Assembly to its own detriment, and for that very reason the taxpayers would justly wish to defeat his aspirations.

The people are interested, Mr. Cumming. In this Norfolk paper, the people's voice declares that you are not fit when you ally yourself with the unrighteous fee system and its selfish advocates.

The trouble with this gentleman, who seems unable to understand how the people of Virginia are now judging of a candidate's fitness, is that he thinks like yesterday. He has not perceived that Virginia is awake. In the very tolerant, but highly expressive phrase of the street, he "feels the funk." This State is very weary of "bunk." It is satisfied with the doctrine of let well enough alone. It is beginning to see through the sleazy fables of platitudes and promise.

Of course, we want a good lawyer for Attorney-General. Haven't we every reason in the world to want one? We also want a man of breadth, vision and disinterested patriotism. It has gotten beyond the day when Virginia, in the fine words of our Norfolk friend, "have even the assent of silence to the nomination of a gentleman who espouses a policy which we hold to be vicious in principle and practice."

Morover, we think a man who has a clean and honest idea of justice, equity and fairness, whether in the payment of officials, the protection of elections, or the choice of a President, represents the kind of law Virginia wants expressed in her life.

## EXCLUSIVELY THIS COUNTRY'S TASK.

Some days back it was reported that Great Britain, setting for herself and the other European powers in interest, had virtually demanded of this government what it intended to do about Mexico, and made representations regarding the Mexican situation that were very little short of mandatory.

We saw no reason to take any stock in the report, quite the contrary. It appeared obvious to us that whatever approach Great Britain may have made or would make in the subject looked or would look to a friendly understanding and unity of action. Great Britain's attitude towards Mexico, we concluded, could be no other than reasonable, the reasonableness of any other conclusion.

That view is now borne out by well-authenticated news from London that the British government has proposed or is preparing to propose co-operation with the United States in constitutional rehabilitation of Mexico and insuring there stable government and the protection of life and property. The same reasons which sustain the conclusion indicated justify the conviction that the offer in point of discussion is of the most friendly character.

Yet it should be courteously and graciously, but firmly rejected. Acquiescence, granting the most unselfish motives on the part of Great Britain, would be a dangerous precedent, repugnant to our long-standing and frequently acclaimed policy not to enter into any such agreement with a European power where an independent state in this hemisphere was involved, and not to tolerate European intervention in any measure in the affairs of such American states.

The arrangement would, in a word, be obnoxious to the basic principle of the Monroe Doctrine, declaration on which ground alone could be made without giving the British government the slightest defensible cause for irritation or taking umbrage. Furthermore, acceptance would open the door to, if not invited, intrusion of other European powers in similar complications and conditions that might arise in the future, while at the same time it would be a confession of inability to cope with the situation that does not

exist, and which would seriously impair American prestige.

We think, therefore, presuming that the proposal has been made or will be made, that it should be courteously and graciously, but firmly rejected. If it comes to the necessity of intervention in Mexico, and we earnestly hope it will not, the United States must "go it alone"—intervene single-handed. And that we are amply able to do without incurring any risk of not completely vindicating our undertaking, discharging our duty to ourselves and fulfilling our obligations to the European nations as covered by the spirit, the letter and the aim of Monroeism.

The task in discussion is exclusively this country's, certainly to the exclusion of participation of any European power. The rule and the principle apply to any and all Latin-American states, albeit in certain circumstances and contingencies co-operation between the United States and any of these states might be admissible as not antagonistic to and not jeopardizing the Monroe Doctrine. Even that, however, might be of doubtful wisdom, as calculated to excite and promote intra-American jealousy and friction.

## BROAD STREET IN 1888.

We have often wondered how Broad Street will look seventy-five years hence, when most of us are dead and long-forgotten. Will the north side be as valuable as the south, will the retail shopping district still be located on that magnificent thoroughfare, will we be purchasing gentlemen's furnishings at Rosemead Road and Broad, and will we have a New Market in the neighborhood of the Boulevard?

Many things are probable in seventy-five years—most things are possible. But we are questioning if our great dream will be fulfilled. Will they have finished repairing Broad Street by that time, and will the work begun years ago be then complete? We are afraid to hope for too much!

## ON THE TRAIL TO STICK.

With its usual humor, the Roanoke Times suggests that we are tired of the attempt to get tax reform, and likens us to the bear hunter who returned home when he found that the trail was getting too hot.

We have no notion where the Times got this idea. It certainly cannot have read into our recent utterances any such notion—presuming for the moment that the Times reads what we have to say. But, lest our neighbor be misinformed, we beg to assure him that we are already in the woods, close on the trail and looking for him to join us.

We know no better than does the Times whether the trail leads, but we are inclined to believe it passes right through the treasury of Roanoke—that posted land which the Times guards. Auditor Moore's plan of segregation, which is the warmest trail of the day, shows that Roanoke will lose \$50,000 the year. And this, we suppose, is interesting even to such a hunter as the Times.

To be sure, Richmond is also a loser by the Moore plan of segregation, and will be called upon to forfeit \$30,000 should this plan become law. But that does not keep us off. If segregation is practicable, we believe Richmond will be glad to purchase freedom from future injustice even at this price. Is Roanoke equally willing? Will the Times stick to the trail with us, even if it leads across our own preserves?

Of course we do not wonder that the Times criticizes every plan of tax reform brought forward, and now dismisses the segregation scheme with soft words for Mr. Moore, just as it condemned the Byrd bill. There is a very good reason. The Roanoke Times stands between the public of the State and the delinquent counties of Southwest Virginia—stands to ward off invaders by laughing at their weapons and doubting the honesty of their purpose.

Those delinquent counties are a heavy care even for the broad-shouldered, heavily-armed Times. Fifteen of the eighteen counties beyond the New River last year drew from the Treasury more than they paid in, and all of these except Wayne are habitual delinquents. Only Pulaski, Dickenson and Taxwell, of all the magnificent Southwest, paid more to the State than they received, and even then Southwest Virginia was still delinquent \$150,000 the year. Is it a wonder that the hunter of the Times wishes to distract attention from his own inactivity by averting that other specimens have left the trail?

We do not expect the splendid agricultural lands of the Southwest to be assessed at their full value overnight. We do look at once for an earnest effort to assess the prices they bring on the Baltimore docks. But the State has a right to expect that section and its chosen champion, the Times, to meet the demands of common justice, and in time to bear its proper burden.

We are on the trail to stick, brother Times—on the trail till the brush is captured and the quarry killed, on till the area is built and the jug passed around after the chase. Sound your horn and join with us promptly to backhand Mr. Moore's plan if it can be made practicable and if not, to uphold a proper system of equalization, show your sporting blood.

## CAVALRY IN THE VALLEY.

One of these July mornings the older residents of Winchester will awake with a start at the clatter of horses' hoofs in the street, and instinctively will dive for the cellar. But there is no reason for excitement. The cavalry will not be Sheridan's notorious "bummers," but the well-behaved troopers of the Eleventh Cavalry engaged in summer maneuvers on America's most famous battleground.

We do not know who arranged it that the summer cavalry campaign

should be staged in the Valley of Virginia, but the man who did it had a decided dramatic instinct. Where else in all America could cavalrymen be more inspired to military ardor than in the neighborhood of Winchester? Every road is dotted deep with the hoof-prints of vanished troopers; every wood has been illumined with the dancing flames of midnight camp fires. To live again those great deeds of valor in such an atmosphere is to feel the red joy of battle.

Already the world reverts in the wondrous deeds of the cavalry in the Valley some of its most thrilling chapters. Already tradition enshrines the mighty riders, whose shades, men say, haunt the deserted Valley pike at midnight. Turner Ashby rode in the Valley, his flashing blade urging on his gallant brigade. He died there, too, while the South went to think a new Prince Rupert fallen. And Mosby rode there—sweeping down as a phantom from the mountainside, capturing, destroying and vanishing again ere the Federals knew he had struck them.

If the Eleventh Cavalry crosses the mountains and rides down into Culpeper, it may dress its line on the most famous cavalry battle ground of America. There is Brandy Station where, that first August morning fifty years ago, Stuart clashed with the foe and gave to Von Bocke the material for his "Reiterschlacht bei Brandy Station."

You have chosen your field well, men of the Eleventh. Let us thank God we can welcome you as friends and brothers, not as foes!

## RICHMOND PORT WAKES UP.

Did you get a thrill out of that story of the big day on the Richmond water front? It had a pretty touch of romance hidden in its dry list of names. It brought to our inland lives the smell of the salt sea and the flavor of world adventuring. Five vessels came to anchor off our docks and seven were listed as "outward bound." It is true that none of these were very large craft, but they are a token of what our water-borne commerce may become with the proper help. Is there any reason why we should not have a score of vessels going each way with the change of the tides?

In Germany they have waterways leading far inland, and cities like Richmond own "free ports" where merchandise can be transhipped from one bottom to another without liability for duties. Millions of tons of shipping are handled from the municipal wharves of these German towns. The secret of their transmarine prosperity is in two things: they keep a clear and safe line of water travel to the sea, and they furnish the most modern and convenient machinery for handling freight cheaply and quickly. There are docks, slips and basins where boats can load or unload. Great warehouses and storage buildings are in easy reach. Every device for moving heavy freight is installed, including belt-line railroads along the water front, giant cranes, elevators and coal dumps. They get trade because they are equipped to care for it.

Richmond cannot hope to beat Norfolk and the lower ports, but her duties paid last year amounted to over \$1,000,000, and this was greater than the rest of the State. We urge that city down stairs be hailed by one glance from his baleful eye. He told me he wanted me to buy the books because of my prominence in the community and would make a special rate so that he could use my name as an advertisement. He flattered my vanity until I thought I was a de luxe edition of John D. Rockefeller, Pierpont Morgan and Woodrow Wilson combined and rolled into one.

He stayed three hours and a half. The stage of Port Arthur would have sunk into insignificance by comparison. Did I fail?

My last installment on the new set of books is due July 1, 1917.

## On the Spur of the Moment

By Roy K. Moulton

A Memory.  
I remember, I remember.  
The faded rose of youth,  
Where during the torrid weather  
My family used to dwell.

'Twas a converted farmhouse.  
The farmer had ceased to toil;  
No longer did he labor  
And till the stony soil.

The lake was but a duck pond,  
The "chicken" was but a goose.  
He fed his guests a "diet"  
Which caused him no expense.

The skeeters all fought for us.  
They landed and they bit  
Until my hair resembled  
A suit of porous knit.

We slept up in the attic;  
I wonder where I am now.  
I never saw the mercury  
At less than ninety-five.

But once each week we cooled off  
And nearly had a chill.  
'Twas when the honest landlord  
Came forward with his bill.

No longer do we suffer.  
We do not care to roam;  
When we want summer comfort  
We linger right at home.

## The Diary of a Bonehead.

Yesterday was a great day in the history of our family. A veritable bonanza of an occasion. A shiny gentleman in a Prince Albert coat and a white lawn tie appeared and I paid him the last installment on the encyclopedia which I had ordered for shortly before the Spanish-American War. We had been looking forward to this day for a long time. It was our emancipation day, after fifteen years of servitude.

I hadn't turned my head to look around in fifteen years but the shiny gentleman was at my elbow to present his little yellow slip and inform me that the installment was due.

We used to wait things terribly, but the wife would always say, "We can't buy that now, for our encyclopedia installment is due." We postponed the purchase of about 4,000 things until the day of our emancipation from the shiny gentleman should arrive.

We spent many nights under the patent lamp of our house, and would throw at us our money when the shiny gentleman should cease to call.

Of course, I am not knocking the encyclopedia. It was a good encyclopedia in its way, and we do devote time in chairs for small relatives at Thanksgiving time, but there were times when it seemed as though we could have enjoyed other things than encyclopedias, with somewhat of a relief.

Among the things we figured on were an automobile, a trip to Europe and a house in the country. We had a plan that we could never have these things while paying for the encyclopedia, for every time we saved up \$1.50, the shiny gentleman touched me quietly to remove the top from my glass of wine, and while she was looking it up, the collector called three times for the installments.

Last night was a gala night, and we had a little dinner party to celebrate our freedom.

This morning when I got to my office I found my old friend, the shiny gentleman, with a set of books written by a man I had never heard of. It was called a "Compendium of Universal Knowledge." My impulse to kick him down stairs was halted by one glance from his baleful eye. He told me he wanted me to buy the books because of my prominence in the community and would make a special rate so that he could use my name as an advertisement. He flattered my vanity until I thought I was a de luxe edition of John D. Rockefeller, Pierpont Morgan and Woodrow Wilson combined and rolled into one.

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## Voice of the People

Eugenic Marriages.  
To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:  
Sir:—The recent action of certain Episcopal ministers of Richmond in opposition to the advocacy of a eugenic marriage requirement in the church has caused much surprise and no little comment among those who have been taught to believe the church the center of righteousness and the representative of Christ on earth. It seems that most of their objections take the form of "civics" and "morality" and the enforcement of such a law, and

## FLIES!

Horse manure is the principal hatching place for flies.  
It can be made sterile with coal oil, carbolic acid, copperas water or dry loam by mixing thoroughly.

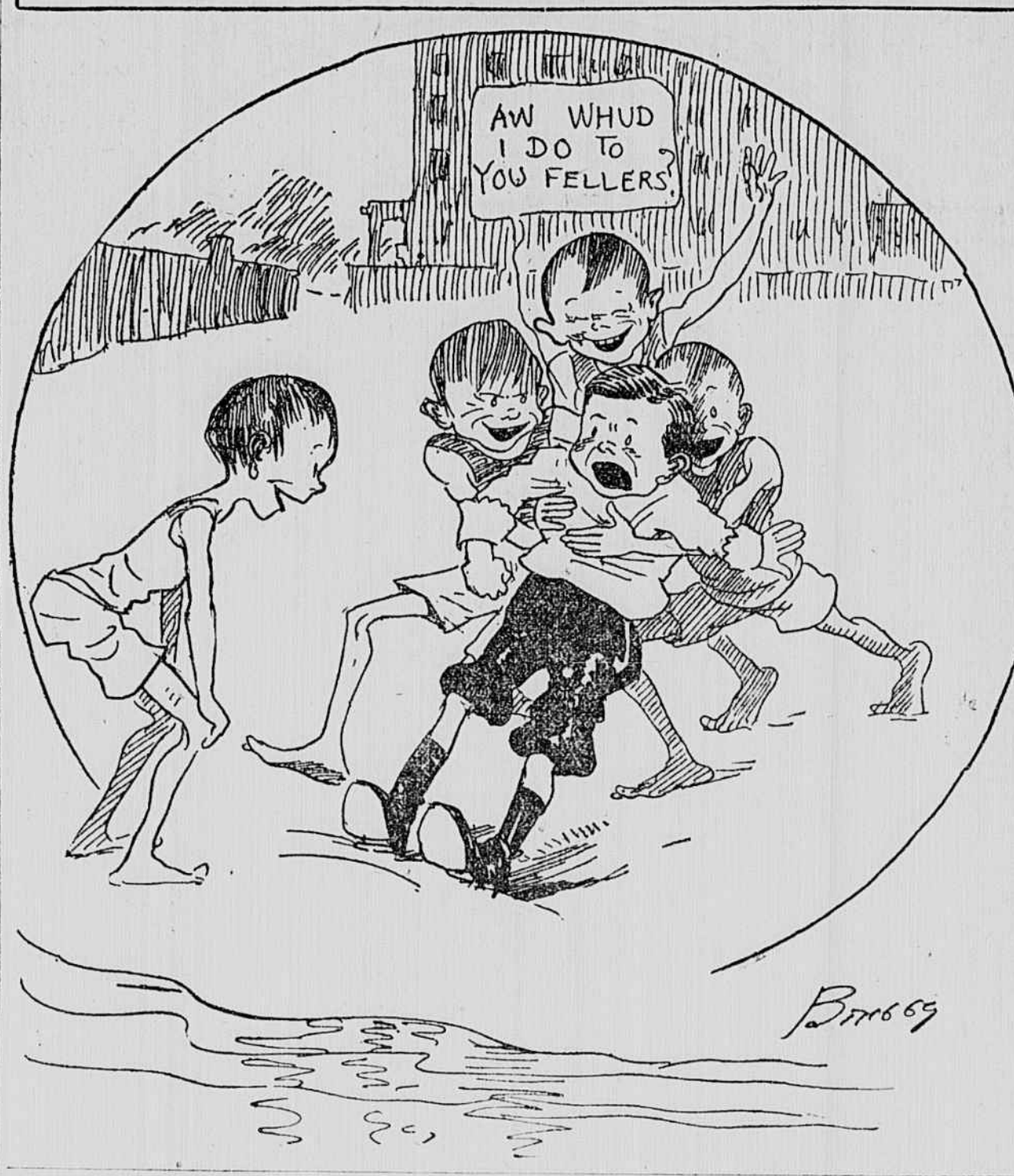
Horsemen, stablemen, owners of horses and sanitary inspectors, pay attention! Cut this out.  
Let 1913 be a flyless year.

## Abe Martin



Wouldn't it be fun to know just how much profit it made on a pair of baby's \$1.50 tan sandals? Many a feller holds his head up in a community on account of a rough collar.

## WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND.



## VIEWS OF THE VIRGINIA EDITORS

## Socially Stagnant Staunton.

What a relief it would be to Staunton these long and fervent afternoons! If our people had a place of common resort, where they could congregate and enjoy themselves untrammelled by domestic cares, each one according to his or her preference. Golf, tennis, croquet, sewing, books or conversation—outdoor sports, indoor recreation, any of these would serve. But the great service rendered by a well-managed country club is its contribution to sociability and better acquaintance and the establishment of intimacy and sympathy. Without it towns like Staunton are socially stagnant. People's finest and most attractive traits are overlooked for want of opportunity. Individuals group themselves in to small circles, through accident of circumstance, but there is none of that generous and kindly association which develops the character and gives a wide outlook upon life—Staunton Daily News.

## Cape Fortifications.

The report to the government by Colonel Winlow of the prices of property at Cape Henry that will be needed for the purposes of fortification indicates that the owners are too high in their estimate of the value of their land, and Colonel Winlow suggests condemnation proceedings. It is neither unusual nor perhaps unnatural for private parties to place very high valuations upon anything that is needed by the government. This seems to regard the government as not only rich, but easy, and very often a community loses the opportunity for governmental improvements through the tendency of individuals to hoist values.

Condemnation proceedings will increase the holders of land at Cape Henry a fair price for their property, and will at the same time enable the government to acquire the necessary land without inordinate cost, therefore condemnation proceedings seems to be the most advisable method to be pursued.

The local organizations and authorities should combine in support of Representative Holland in having the government accept this plan, for it is doubtful if any other basis will now be considered. Norfolk, and the country at large, are too greatly interested in this fortification of the Capes, and no effort should be made to encourage speedy action by congress, and on lines acceptable to it—Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch.

Did the Lunters Wake?  
Igniting, it is supposed, from a burning cigarette dropped from a window above, a large hole was burned in the awning at Shrockshire's store Thursday—Augusta County Argus.

Careful, Sid!  
Sid Mullins got a little too much of the "Jolly Joke" Wednesday and landed in the Jail for Drunkenness—Sandy Valley News.

Trouble Brewing in Augusta.  
The "good" air—the political air, we mean—seems crowded with portent. It begins to look as though we are not going to have the peaceful and tranquil time that seemed so probable three weeks ago. Things are changing. There is a chance that our two candidates for the Legislature, who have already been endowed by the party, and can, therefore, have no opposition in the primaries, will have a fight after all when the election comes. Apparently the people are not disposed to let those two desirable positions pass into the hands of Messrs. Grady and Taylor without a struggle. Nothing is surely known as to the identity of the candidates to be, but that they will appear at the proper time seems more than likely. So there is one battle may come upon to mitigate the dullness of a once unpromising summer, and maybe there is more heading—Staunton News.

The National State and City Bank invites you to open an account either subject to check or at 3% interest in its Savings Department.... CAPITAL and SURPLUS \$1,600,000.00

R. SELDEN ELLYSON.